

## WITH WATER

each of them says, 'I have loved you well  
because you have never told me I am ugly.'  
(soap sets blood; cool water removes it.)  
there they go! down the oldest street  
in each of the cities, wearing the tall hat  
of self-abnegation, their worn fingernails  
adorned with commemorative postage-stamps  
bearing their youthful faces. last year's  
rumours made cabagges sources of nutrition  
while potatoes were valueless; this was  
reversed two weeks ago, and the housewives  
cooked them in every phase. ah but when  
the house became quiet, the night drowning  
in denigration, 'I have loved you well,  
mark this, mark what I have done, notice,'  
with water, with kettles full of hot water,  
to set the blood firm, and the next morning  
there they go! toward the village fountain,  
toward the white mistake of soap to darken.

1961

-- Carol Bergé

New York, New York

## SOMEDAY

Someday you will find  
your possessions are not what they seemed.  
A penis will sprout  
out of the bathtub drain,  
the chairs growing roots  
deep into carpets. Thin translucent men  
will hide slyly in your furnace,  
you won't be able to get them to leave  
sing as many groundhog carols as you choose.  
At almost the same time  
worms will be sprouting from your piano  
and a very large nose will come and  
steal your cantalope at breakfast.  
Isn't this awful you'll want to cry as  
wool is melting to blood on your skin.  
But even if you scream nobody will notice.  
Could you, truthfully, expect anyone to believe?